

中英对照

J.K. 罗琳的读书单

丛林故事

THE JUNGLE STORY

[英] 吉卜林◎著
辛 静◎译

中

《哈里·波特》作者J.K.罗琳

最喜爱的英美经典文学名著

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Chapter 5 “Tiger! Tiger! ”

What of the hunting, hunter bold?

Brother, the watch was long and cold.

What of the quarry you went to kill?

Brother, he crows in the jungle still.

Where is the power that made your pride?

Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.

Where is the haste that you hurry by?

Brother, I go to my lair—to die.

Now we must go back to the first tale. When Mowgli left the wolf's cave after the fight with the pack at the Council Rock, he went down to the plowed lands where the villagers lived, but he would not stop there because it was too near to the jungle, and he knew that he had made at least one bad enemy at the Council. So he hurried on, keeping to the rough road that ran down the valley, and followed it at a steady jog-trot for nearly twenty miles, till he came to a country that he did not know. The valley opened out into

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第五章 “老虎！老虎！”

打猎如何啊，勇敢的猎手？

兄弟，守候猎物，既长久又寒冷。

你去捕杀的猎物是什么？

兄弟，他还躲在丛林里。

曾经令你骄傲的力量去哪儿了？

兄弟，它已从我的胁腹和肋肉间消失了。

你急匆匆地去哪里？

兄弟，我去我的兽穴——去死。

现在我们必须回到第一个故事。莫格里在会议岩上和狼群打过一场后，他离开了狼穴，下山往村民居住的耕地里去。但他没有停下来，因为离丛林还是太近，他知道他在会议上至少树立了一个死对头。于是，他继续前进，沿着顺山谷而下的崎岖的大路，缓缓地走了大约二十公里，直到一个他不认识的乡村。山谷变得豁然开朗，眼前出现了一大

rough a. 崎岖的，不平的



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a great plain dotted over with rocks and cut up by ravines. At one end stood a little village, and at the other the thick jungle came down in a sweep to the grazing-grounds, and stopped there as though it had been cut off with a hoe. All over the plain, cattle and buffaloes were grazing, and when the little boys in charge of the herds saw Mowgli they shouted and ran away, and the yellow pariah dogs that hang about every Indian village barked. Mowgli walked on, for he was feeling hungry, and when he came to the village gate he saw the big thorn-bush that was drawn up before the gate at twilight, pushed to one side.

“Umph!” he said, for he had come across more than one such barricade in his night rambles after things to eat. “So men are afraid of the people of the jungle here also.” He sat down by the gate, and when a man came out he stood up, opened his mouth, and pointed down it to show that he wanted food. The man stared, and ran back up the one street of the village shouting for the priest, who was a big, fat man dressed in white, with a red and yellow mark on his forehead. The priest came to the gate, and with him at least a hundred people, who stared and talked and shouted and pointed at



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片平原,上面布满了星星点点的岩石,一道道的沟壑把平原分成一块块的。在平原的尽头,是个小村庄,另一头是茂密的丛林,连着大片的牧地。牧地和丛林的界限分明,好似用锄头割开的一样。平原上,耕牛和水牛在吃着草,放牛的娃娃见到莫格里都大叫着逃走了。那些经常在印度村里徘徊的黄毛野狗也狂吠起来。莫格里继续往前走着,因为他觉得饿了。当他走到村口的时候,他看见傍晚用来挡住路口的荆棘丛已经被挪到一边了。



“哼!”他说,因为他晚上出来打猎觅食时,好几次都遇到过这样的路障。“看来人也是怕丛林里的动物的。”他在路口坐了下来。当看到有个人走了过来,他就站起来,指着自己张大的嘴巴,意思是他想要吃东西。这个人呆呆地看着他,然后跑回到村里的一条路上,大声叫来了牧师,一个穿着白色衣服、高高胖胖的人,前额上还涂着红黄色的记号。牧师走到路口,至少还有一百多人跟着他,他们目不转睛地盯着

dot *v.* 星罗棋布于

sweep *n.* 连绵的一片

charge *n.* 负责

barricade *n.* 路障,街垒



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Mowgli.

“They have no manners, these Men Folk,” said Mowgli to himself. “Only the gray ape would behave as they do.” So he threw back his long hair and frowned at the crowd.

“What is there to be afraid of?” said the priest. “Look at the marks on his arms and legs. They are the bites of wolves. He is but a wolf-child run away from the jungle.”

Of course, in playing together, the cubs had often nipped Mowgli harder than they intended, and there were white scars all over his arms and legs. But he would have been the last person in the world to call these bites, for he knew what real biting meant.

“Arre! Arre! ” said two or three women together. “To be bitten by wolves, poor child! He is a handsome boy. He has eyes like red fire. By my honor, Messua, he is not unlike your boy that was taken by the tiger.”

“Let me look,” said a woman with heavy copper rings on her wrists and ankles, and she peered at Mowgli under the palm of her hand. “Indeed he is not. He is thinner, but he has the very look of my boy.”

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他，大声地议论着，叫嚷着，对着莫格里指指点点。

“他们一点礼貌都没有，这些被称为人的家伙。”莫格里自言自语道，“只有灰猿才会这么做。”他把长发往后一甩，皱着眉看着大伙。

“这有什么好害怕的？”牧师说。“看看他手臂上、腿上的疤。都是被狼咬的。他只是个从丛林里跑出来的狼孩罢了。”

当然，一起玩的时候，狼崽们常常会啃得重了一点，所以他的腿上、手臂上都是苍白的疤痕。但是无论如何这都不能称为咬，因为他知道真正的咬是什么样的。

“啊呀！啊呀！”两三个妇女一起叫了起来。“他被狼咬了，可怜的孩子！他真是个漂亮的孩子。他的眼睛像红红的火焰。我敢发誓，梅苏亚，他真像你那个被老虎叼走的男孩。”

“让我瞧瞧，”一个手腕上、脚腕上带着沉甸甸的铜镯子的女人说道，她用手掌挡着眼睛，盯着莫格里看了半天。“还真有点像。他比较瘦一点，但神情还真像。”



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The priest was a clever man, and he knew that Messua was wife to the richest villager in the place. So he looked up at the sky for a minute and said solemnly: "What the jungle has taken the jungle has restored. Take the boy into your house, my sister, and forget not to honor the priest who sees so far into the lives of men."

"By the Bull that bought me," said Mowgli to himself, "but all this talking is like another looking-over by the pack! Well, if I am a man, a man I must become."

The crowd parted as the woman beckoned Mowgli to her hut, where there was a red lacquered bedstead, a great earthen grain chest with funny raised patterns on it, half a dozen copper cooking pots, an image of a Hindu god in a little alcove, and on the wall a real looking glass, such as they sell at the country fairs.

She gave him a long drink of milk and some bread, and then she laid her hand on his head and looked into his eyes; for she thought perhaps that he might be her real son come back from the jungle where the tiger had taken him. So she said, "Nathoo, O Nathoo! " Mowgli did not show that he knew the name. "Dost you not remember the day when I gave you the new shoes?" She touched his foot, and it was almost as hard as horn. "No," she said



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牧师是个聪明人,他知道梅苏亚是这里最富有的村民的妻子。于是,他抬起头看着天空好一会儿,然后庄重地说:“丛林从你这里夺走的已经归还给你了。把男孩带回家吧,我的姐妹,别忘了向能看透人类命运的牧师表示你的敬意。”

“我以赎买我的那头公牛起誓,”莫格里自言自语地说,“但这些谈话就好比是另外一个被狼群接纳的审查仪式一样!好吧,如果我是个人,那么我就必须变成人。”

妇女招手让莫格里去她的小屋,人群也就散开了。屋里放着一张刷了红漆的床架,一只陶制的存放粮食的大箱子,上面有许多滑稽的凸起的花纹。六只铜锅、一尊印度神像安放在一个小小的壁龛里。墙上挂着一块真正的镜子,就像农村集市上卖的那种。

她给了他一大杯牛奶和一些面包,然后她把手放在他的头上,凝望着他的眼睛,因为她在想,也许真的是他的儿子,被老虎叨进丛林里,现在又回来了。于是她说:“纳索,噢纳索!”莫格里看上去没听过这个名字。“你还记得我给你穿上新鞋的那天吗?”她抚摸着他的脚,那脚坚硬得像鹿角。“不,”她痛苦地说,“这双脚从来没有穿过鞋子,



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sorrowfully, “those feet have never worn shoes, but you are very like my Nathoo, and you shall be my son.”

Mowgli was uneasy, because he had never been under a roof before. But as he looked at the thatch, he saw that he could tear it out any time if he wanted to get away, and that the window had no fastenings. “What is the good of a man,” he said to himself at last, “if he does not understand man’s talk? Now I am as silly and dumb as a man would be with us in the jungle. I must speak their talk.”

It was not for fun that he had learned while he was with the wolves to imitate the challenge of bucks in the jungle and the grunt of the little wild pig. So, as soon as Messua pronounced a word Mowgli would imitate it almost perfectly, and before dark he had learned the names of many things in the hut.

There was a difficulty at bedtime, because Mowgli would not sleep under anything that looked so like a panther trap as that hut, and when they shut the door he went through the window. “Give him his will,” said Messua’s husband. “Remember he can never till now have slept on a bed. If he is indeed sent in the place of our son he will not run away.”

So Mowgli stretched himself in some long, clean grass at the



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但是你真的很像我的纳索,你就当我的儿子吧。”

莫格里觉得很不自在,因为他从来没在屋顶下呆过。但当他抬头看到茅草屋的屋顶时,他知道,任何时候只要他想离开,他就可以把它撕开,而且窗户上也都没有窗栓。“如果听不懂别人在说什么,”他自言自语地说,“做人有什么好的?现在我像个傻瓜和哑巴,就像人来到丛林里生活一样。我必须学会他们说的话。”

以前在狼群里的时候,他也模仿过丛林里公鹿的挑战声和小野猪的呼噜声,那都不过是为了好玩。所以每当梅苏亚说出一个字,莫格里几乎可以一点不差地学着说。在天黑以前,他已经学会了屋里许多东西的名称。

睡觉的时候,麻烦就来了。因为莫格里不肯睡在那个像猎豹的陷阱似的小屋,当他们关上门的时候,他从窗口跳了出去。“随他去吧,”梅苏亚的丈夫说道。“别忘了他还从来没有在床上睡过觉。如果他真的是被派来代替我们的儿子的,他就一定不会逃走。”

所以莫格里就在耕地边上一片长长的、干净的草地上躺了下来。



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edge of the field, but before he had closed his eyes a soft gray nose poked him under the chin.

“Phew!” said Gray Brother (he was the eldest of Mother Wolf’s cubs). “This is a poor reward for following you twenty miles. You smell of wood smoke and cattle—together like a man already. Wake, Little Brother; I bring news.”

“Are all well in the jungle?” said Mowgli, hugging him.

“All except the wolves that were burned with the Red Flower. Now, listen. Shere Khan has gone away to hunt far off till his coat grows again, for he is badly singed. When he returns he swears that he will lay your bones in the Waingunga.”

“There are two words to that. I also have made a little promise. But news is always good. I am tired tonight,—very tired with new things, Gray Brother,—but bring me the news always.”

“You will not forget that you are a wolf? Men will not make you forget?” said Gray Brother anxiously.

“Never. I will always remember that I love you and all in our cave. But also I will always remember that I have been cast out of the pack.”



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但还没等他闭上眼睛，一只软软的灰鼻子就开始戳他的下巴。

“呦，”灰兄弟说（他是狼妈妈的崽子中最年长的一个），“追踪了你二十英里，就得到这样的回报啊。你身上都是篝火和耕牛的气味——你已经像个人了。醒醒，小兄弟，我带来了消息。”

“丛林里都还好吧？”莫格里抱了抱他说道。

“都好，除了被红花烫伤的那些狼。现在，听着，萨克汗跑到很远的地方去狩猎了，一直要等到他的毛皮重新长出来再回来，因为他被烧得很厉害。他发誓说等他回来，要把你的骨头埋在维冈加。”

“那就走着瞧了。我也许下了一个小小的诺言。但是，有消息总是好的。今晚，我很累了——学新东西学得太累了，灰兄弟，记住要常常给我带消息来啊。”

“你不会忘了你是狼吧？那些人会不会让你忘了这一点？”灰兄弟急切地问道。

“永远不会。我会永远记得我爱你和我们山洞里所有的狼，但是我也会永远记得我被赶出了狼群。”



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“And that you mayest be cast out of another pack. Men are only men, little brother, and their talk is like the talk of frogs in a pond. When I come down here again, I will wait for you in the bamboos at the edge of the grazing-ground.”

For three months after that night Mowgli hardly ever left the village gate, he was so busy learning the ways and customs of men. First he had to wear a cloth round him, which annoyed him horribly; and then he had to learn about money, which he did not in the least understand, and about plowing, of which he did not see the use. Then the little children in the village made him very angry. Luckily, the Law of the Jungle had taught him to keep his temper, for in the jungle life and food depend on keeping your temper; but when they made fun of him because he would not play games or fly kites, or because he mispronounced some word, only the knowledge that it was unsportsmanlike to kill little naked cubs kept him from picking them up and breaking them in two.

He did not know his own strength in the least. In the jungle he knew he was weak compared with the beasts, but in the village people said that he was as strong as a bull.

And Mowgli had not the faintest idea of the difference that